

How to Be a Firebender

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Summary: Restless. The only word that truly described Hiccup's mood from the past few months. So what if he decided to go on an adventure? What if on that adventure he learned of the dragons of old. What if he learned the ancient ways? What if he learned how to be a firebender?

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Prologue

"Help!"

The cry came from her throat, and she felt the desperation that lay rooted within.

"Please! Somebody! Please help me!" She cried out again, tears beginning to well up in her eyes. She had already heard the woman's screams and feared it was already too late. The house had been composed mainly of wood, wood which was bone dry thanks to the baking summer coming to an end. It was no wonder it had caught light so quickly.

The flames towered in front of her, casting light and creating shadows that leapt to and fro as they danced on the ground.

One of the shadows did not dance however. The dark form of the black scaled beast stood at the edge of the inferno, doing its utmost to push forward into the fire and rescue the human who lay inside. The creature whimpered and tucked its leathery wings closer to its spine as it edged towards the auburn haired boy at his side.

The male teen was wearing some form of earthy green tunic. He had long auburn hair that sat almost like a helmet around his head and he

was drenched in a thick sweat. The sweat came not only from the intense heat, but also from the extreme effort he was exerting.

The boy moved his hands in large eccentric patterns, simultaneously moving his feet, his body performing some sort of fluid dance that contrasted starkly against the sharp and jerky movement of the shadows. But as he moved his hands, the flame seemed to follow, leaping to his hands where he dispelled it before moving on and repeating the process.

The girl who had cried for aid stood and watched as the other villagers arrived, hoping against hope that he could control the fire. She knew this boy, but she did not know how.

More bystanders came, some carrying water which was quickly launched near the boy, extinguishing the flames he had already worked so hard to control and tame.

"Not there!" she screamed, dragging down the arm of a man about to launch his own liquid volley in the teen's direction. She shook her head to clear her own brown hair from her eyes before explaining. "He's controlling it! Throw it!"

"Controllin' it?" The adult questioned. "He did this then, he's the one burning her alive! And I'll bet you had something to do with it as well, didn't ya, ye little devil spawn?"

"No!" She protested, "He's trying to stop it! And it was an accident! I didn't mean to!"

"So it was you!" The man proclaimed with a scowl adorning his face. "We'll deal with you later, right now we've got to get this fire out. Everybody! The traveller's controllin' the fire! Get him and the Beast away from there!"

"No! Please stop! He's the only one who can save her!" She pleaded, but it was already too late. Other's moved in to brave the flames, dragging the boy away from the burning house as he thrashed violently in their grip. The lizard followed, trying to protect his friend, albeit unsuccessfully.

He was thrown next to the girl and she saw that soot had blackened his face. He was coughing, having inhaled too many fumes. The lizard nudged his head and licked his cheek, a low warbling emanating from its throat.

The woman in the house screamed again, her voice weaker. The girl cried again, knowing it was over. The cry faded to nothing as the crackling of the flames ruled, even as the villagers went on in a last ditch effort to extinguish the fire.

The girl didn't care though. The boy had stopped coughing and he looked up at her with apologetic eyes. He needn't be apologetic about anything though. This was down to her.

Her ignorance.

Her mistake.

Her fault.

The tears flowed freely.

* * *

><p>The brown haired girl woke with a start, a cold sweat dripping from her skin. Her breathing came in short pants, her eyes wide and scared.<p>

Foot steps approached from the door and a moment later it opened casting some of the candle light into the room. A man's silhouette stood in the frame. Upon seeing her condition he rushed forward before kneeling to be more at her level.

"Are you okay?" He queried, concerned. "What happened?"

"I- I'm not sure," answered the girl, still definitely spooked. "I had a dream..." she began.

"A dream about what?" The man asked.

"I don't know." The girl replied. She cast her mind back, trying to grasp memories of what had only moments ago seemed so real and intense. However the thoughts slipped through her fingers like smoke. She only remembered the pain and desperation she had felt. "I can't remember the details, only that it was something bad," she answered honestly.

"Well then," the adult started, "All you need to remember is that dreams, no matter how real, can't hurt you. They're not real, you know that."

"Yeah..." She replied breathlessly.

"Besides," He continued, "The monks are still here and the harvest is almost over. We should be happy."

"Right." The girl said with more confidence than she truly felt. She looked towards the door to see that in fact the monks were still there, all dressed up in their religious garb.

"Now go back to sleep," The man began again. "The weather's changing and it looks like a storm is headed this way. We'd do best to get some rest and stay indoors."

He stood and left, closing the door behind him.

The girl pulled the blankets over her, curling into a ball. She would try, but she doubted she'd be getting any more sleep tonight.

* * *

><p>AN: Well this idea sprang into my mind and since then a friend and I have been planning all of this out. For updates on progress with later chapters please check the profile and do be kind enough to leave a review.**_

Thanks,

HHH3

End
file.